The Message of the Spirit Nun and Other Poems

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

by Cecilia Parker

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1925

The Message
of the
Spirit Nun and Other Poems

Given by
CECILE LE BLANC

Transcribed by
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RICHARD REID

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To those who urged the publication of my verse I do dedicate this volume.

"The ashes buried there, neath the bush, in the earth,
Would nurture and bring fresh roses to birth."

—From The Spirit Rose.

The Message

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Foreword

THIS poem was given to me by automatic writing; three different sittings. I received the first two verses during the month of April, 1921. The next seven, a few days following as I was writing letters in my room. The rest of the poem was not received until the month of May, and at night. The tenth verse was given to my sister at least two weeks before I received it. I had not been told the wording of the verse given to her. I have called it "The Message of the Spirit Nun," for she has given me many of these poems. At times she shows me a Bible, opened, and pages downward, over a cross. This symbol is most always given before a poem is received. At one sitting I asked her name and she gave Cecile Le Blanc. Said she had entered the convent of the Sacred Heart, order of the Holy Name, Paris, France, 1780. I have never tried to verify this statement.

C. P.

The Message

The Message of the Spirit Nun

Thou hast trod this stony path
By the Lord's divine decree;
Now I, as a messenger am sent
To open wide the gates; Come—enter—
you are free.

Why tread this earth with weary step
And heart bowed down with care
When, just around the corner as it were,
God and his angels await thee there?

Before I entered there
And trod those silent halls
I had thought my heart nigh broken
By one to whom earth's flesh pots call.

But there I learned the reason
God sent that cross to me,
And now I ask you in my name
To give the world this message—I am free.

I learned the lesson thou must learn;
Learn you will ere long,
To ask God's blessing every day
For the one who has done you wrong.

As you learn to cast out hate
You will gain a glimpse of this
Where all is love, all sins forgiven;
God rules all—all bliss.

'Twas there in that chapel's quiet
As I kneeled me down to pray
That I learned my first sweet lesson;
The one I give you, child, today.

Every time I knelt to pray
In that chapel—picture bordered,
An angel came to say
"Pray, pray for the false betroth'd."

Through the music of the organ (balm to
the troubled soul)
I spoke to God's messenger, the angel,
And he took me by the hand and led me;
Taught me love—the goal.

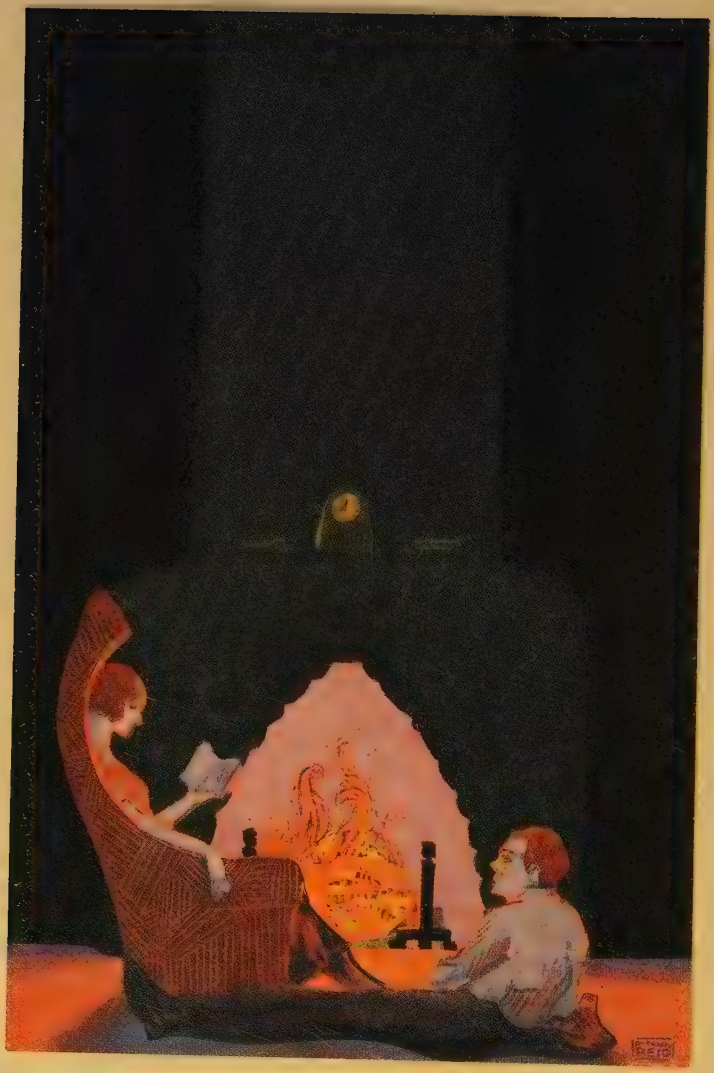
Behind yon convent walls
I left youth, beauty, pride;
And there, womanhood's greatest gift,
That of motherhood, I denied.

That angel opened wide the gates
And led me down the paths of Paradise,
And showed me riches, yet none could
compare
With those I on entering there so
foolishly denied.

He showed me how all broken hearts
In other ways are really mended;
How the years can wash away such misery
As at one time, my life attended.

And then I knew that I had thrown away
One joy, to grasp, with bleeding heart,
the other,
Which I thought then would make amends
For the wrong done by the hero of my May.
But now I say, oh, child of mine,
Grieve not too deeply for the false of heart
Whose sin may bring you pain,
But learn from your guardian angel;
Go—and live again.

Poems for the Quiet Hour



The Soul

There is no death;
'Tis but the passing of the mortal frame,
The ceasing of the breath.
'Twere just as well to think
The violin for ever more was mute
Because, through its master's hands,
No more a loving message it can send
As to feel that when the soul
Passes from this earthly plane
That it may not "live" and "be" again.
For, like unto the violin, the soul
When touched in love and sympathy,
Comes forth as true, as when
Upon this earth, in other form,
It lived—and breathed—and grew.

To My Father

It was mid January's snows;
The pepper berries were red upon the ground
Before, with rake and shovel
They formed that earthly mound.
We watched them place the casket there
That dismal Winter day,
And then with steps reluctant
We turned and walked away.
We knew, no more could we look upon
And that physical body see,
Yet I think we all did realize
Just how near your spiritual self would be.
And twelve bleak Decembers have
Come and gone since then
Yet I feel your presence near me
And fancy I hear your voice again.
'Tis strange that memory
Never lets such pictures fade,
For they come to us at times, unbidden,
And we feel again the pain they made.
Yet 'tis but the thought of parting
Which seems to wring the heart,
For we know, though invisible,
Thou art close; yes, thou art.
So, mid memory's pictures
None more beautiful can be found
Than that of your peaceful resting place
There in the Silent Garden
With pepper berries red upon the ground.

Inside the Gates

I stood outside the temple yard
And asked that the gates might opened be
When, as tho' in answer to my prayer
An angel came and bid me "come and see."

I knew that I was favoured to behold this
wondrous sight,
And as the angel clasped my hand and led me
Far, into a glory such as sunrise light,
I was greatly puzzled, for I knew it must be
night.

She beheld my look of wonder
And, pointing to the stars so far away,
Said that in this land of many mansions
It was always like the day.

Yet the stars did shine and twinkle,
And the moon came as at night,
For the glory of God's angels
Must be shown in fairest light.

Thus she led me down a pathway
Bordered deep with many trees,
And as the branches cast their shadows
With the sunrise, it was glory one seldom sees.

Flowers grew there in great profusion,
And their colors, from white to deepest wine,
Seemed to mingle with the sunrise glow
And make a glory of this walk of mine.

Yes, the flowers were like fairies,
And their perfume was so sweet
That I thought it must be Paradise,
And that here I'd rest my weary feet.

Then I asked the angel please to take me
Through the gardens fair and bright,
And lead me to the temple
Where I might rest my weary soul this night.

She smiled and told me kindly
That in there I could not go,
Nor its glories could I see
Until God gave the pass-word—sent a pilot
after me.

He of Galilee

No name did He of Galilee,
Give to a creed, for you, or me.
He spoke of the comfort of staff and rod,
But by those he meant—The Word of God.

Why should we strive to give a name to that
For is it not ever the same,
Just so we follow—even tho' slowly we
plod—
In the footsteps of Jesus, who followed His
God?

The Spirit Rose

They wandered together, this maid and this youth,
Telling their love vows in sweetness and truth.
He said he enshrined her there in his heart,
Purest of women; Love ne'er to depart.
A year from that day when Spring brought the May
These two were married; Plighted their troth.
All through the years it was a happy sweet way
For, it was naught but love brought forth.
She had longed for a child, their love to bless,
But none was given them, (God knows best).
So it was just for each other they did live and strive,
And all was companionship, sweetest of lives.
She often told him, "Should death her body claim
She would ever be near him and love him the same.
She felt—she knew—she always would be
Around and about him for eternity."
She asked that the ashes, buried would be,
And her memory brought to mind, by the red rose tree.
The rose which over the door of his cottage did twine
Could bring to his memory that love divine
For the ashes, buried there, neath the bush, in the earth,
Would nurture and bring fresh roses to birth,
And these roses as they scattered their fragrance and
petals around
Would bring her sweet spirit there to be found.
When he would stoop to kiss that rose, or this,
She, in the spirit, his forehead would kiss.
Yes, how close she could be there, and his memory fill
With that love grown purer and sweeter still.

And thus it could be, that year after year
She would come with the roses, and bring him cheer.
When he would sit in the twilight hours
There on the porch and gaze on the flowers,
Her sweet spirit would hover around
And bring the greatest contentment he ever had found.
Thus all through the years of declining life
She could ever be near him, his spirit wife.
This is the love these sweethearts thought God intended
When He, loving hearts brought in union; Souls never
to part,
But to live on earth, and in spirit, for ever and ever.
And when he would receive that summons from above
To go on that journey and be with his love,
His body, with hers, in ashes together,
Would nurture the rose, and bring fragrance
For ever and ever.

My Comforter

With oil of gladness
He anointeth my head;
He groweth green pastures
Where my feet love to tread.
His rod, and His staff,
THEY comfort me here
By bringing "LOVE'S" presence
Always, so near.
He restoreth my soul;
My cup runneth over
With joy, and with gladness,
Filled always, with bliss.
He does ever "LOVE'S" pathway
discover
So, what comfort could I know
Greater than this?

Alone

The word ALONE has meant to me
What nothing else has meant.
At one time I thought it stood for LONELINESS,
But now I know it means CONTENT.

Remorse

I stood last night by the fountain
And saw the moonlight stream
Across the mists, between me and the mountains,
And that picture held beauty ne'er seen in a dream.
There seemed to appear out of the mist
The form of a maiden, the one I loved best.
She came as a fairy all robed in pure white,
And brought me a message from out of the night.
Her face was as fair as the moonlight there
And her soul was as pure as the skies
As she came, this vision of loveliness,
And I gazed with worship into her eyes.
She told me that God had sent her, a message to give;
A message for me that I might know how to live.
She told me that the wrongs I had done her while here
Were all forgiven, and I need not fear.
She was ever near me, knew the pain in my heart,
Knew by my suffering (my pain had been deep)
That I had made amends for the sins on my part
And for every new effort a reward I would reap.
The Saviour had sent her, this maiden so pure,
To show me the way; I the wrongdoer.
She smiled as she stood there, and her arms were outstretch-ed,
As she brought me this comfort, I, of men, most wretched.
It was a comfort, a great comfort to know
That she was ever near me where'er I did go.

And although I had sinned and been ever so blind
God had been good to me, yes more than kind,
When he sent this maiden—the girl I loved best—
To bring me a message and help me find rest.
The reason he made me a man of my kind
Was, that through sin and through suffering
My Redeemer I'd find.
And it was through sin—great sin on my part—
That he called this dear one, for I had broken her
heart.
She knew that some day I would see the right way,
The way of the Father above—
That then I would be able to say,
"Yes, girl, I know how you loved."
She had loved deeply, yes deeply—too well—
And 'twas I, who, when temptation came, faltered
and fell.
She had been all to me, sweetheart and wife,
And I, through my sin, had ruined her life.
She came to me now—came here tonight—
To say she forgave me, all would be right.
How I wanted to clasp her close to my heart,
To keep her forever, ne'er let her part,
But when I went toward her in the bright moonlight
She folded her robes and vanished from sight.
How I wished I had lived true to this sweetheart of
mine,
This maiden so pure—maiden divine—.
My sins were many, but my suffering has been deep.
I thank God for this vision he sent here tonight
To show me the way to live and do right.

'Twas through the mists of the fountain that she
came and she went;
And I'm thankful again that 'twas my Love who was
sent.
Yes, she came with a message that I might know how
to live
So I went on my knees and said, "Father, forgive."
As I prayed to my Maker there in the night
She came and stood there glowing with light.
Seemed I heard her voice say, "Man, you are
forgiven,
You are living right now in the kingdom of heaven,
For heaven is not only here above
But in every true heart; every heart filled with love.
So arise, go forth and seek, then you will see
And some day you will come and be happy with me."
Then that vision of light, again
Folded her draperies and went into the night.
I, as I prayed, there on my knees
Knew God had freed me, as he every heart frees;
Free from my sorrow, free from my sin,
Pure without, and purer within.
Try to fathom it; Think if you can
What this has meant to the most wretched of men.
I know God has washed me white as the snow
And that now I'll find happiness where'er I do go,
For that is the reason he sent her—vision of light—
Sent her to save me—from out of the night.

The Ave Maria

When I heard the Ave Maria
By the organist so softly played,
A flood of worship filled my heart
And on my knees, I bowed my head, and
prayed.

This music calmed and soothed me,
And its message seemed to bring
The sweet assurance of life's fulfillment,
Of which all sacred music seems to sing.

The understanding of this music's message
Brought peace and calmness unto my heart
So, from my knees I then arose,
Thanked my God, and was ready to do my
part.

Music

Music is the voice of Him
Speaking through a human instrument
Who, in turn, can, through an inanimate
instrument
Bring forth that voice again.

Love

The deeper love is not spoken
By youths' impassioned lips,
But comes in later life
Taught by the joys and sorrows
That fill the cup
Of which each loved one sips.
How little does the youth
Or does the maiden know
When the first vows of love they make
Of the joys, or the anguish,
Of which they may be asked to partake.
They call it love,
The joy which then does stir the heart,
But later years will show them
It was only passion's perfumed dart.
For love, the real, the only love,
Will come by sharing every joy
And every sorrow sent them
From the Master hand above.
There are many kinds of love;
The love of being lovers;
The love of being husband and wife;
The love of serving God;
All these loves do fill the life,
And the youth, and the maiden
Surely must find
That each of these separate loves
Go to build the greater love
And form the tie that binds.

What love is greater than a mother's
When she feels the infant hands
Upon her breast?
She knows that God has given it
And sent her wisdom
To help her lead it into paths of
Righteousness—the best.
Then also, love must bind fond hearts
When death does come and claim one
Who of the family circle is a part.
These are loves not dreamed of
By the youth, and by the maiden fair,
Yet they come and help them form
Their life, and prepare them for—
Who shall say—for what—or Where?

The Shadows on the Floor

Bent, and old, and weary
Seemed this man I stopped to cheer.
From out my heart came sympathy
And from my eyes, the tears.
Old and torn and in tatters
Were the clothes the poor man wore.
Upon his face I seemed to trace
The heartache that he bore.
Even tho' his limbs were chilled
And labored was his breath,
He smiled, and love his whole heart
filled
As he waited patiently for death.
He asked why I offered sympathy;
He was very glad to go,
For there he would find real joy
And lay aside all woe.
All who had known and loved him
Had journeyed on before,
And he had been waiting patiently
For the shadows on the floor.
He told me to live and be ever ready;
Live as I had lived as a child, in days
before.
Yes, live and be ever ready
For the shadows on the floor.
Even tho' one's way be midst the mighty,
Or if among those so lowly one does tread;
If the whole world one travel o'er,
It comes to all, sometime, to see
The shadows on the floor.

Christmastide

When the candles are all burning,
Shaded dim and low;
When the maiden shyly smiles
Upon her lover 'neath the mistletoe;
When the hearth fires are burning
Warm and rosy in the light;
It is then that hearts are joyous
Just because it is Christmas night.
The day is filled with fondest feelings
For the angels sung thus long ago;
So, still we kneel in worship
'Neath shaded lights; near hearth fire's
glow.
We kneel—and more—we pray,
For Jesus The Christ, was born on
Christmas day.

The Tide of Life

The tide of life seems ebbing,
'Tis pulling me away from the shore;
My feet in the sands seem slipping;
Soon I'll be with you all no more.

But a guide will be there to take me o'er
When the night is cold and still,
So grieve not for me: There is no death.
My work is done; I'll not suffer more.

This tide of life is "the light within";
The light from an unknown realm
Where one life ceases and another begins,
But it is God, in both, at the helm.

Grieve not and hold not a thought of sorrow,
For He will be there to guide me through,
And when I wake upon the morrow I'll be
with Him,
Yet you will feel me near to you.

When the guide of the tide of life beckons
to you
From over that great divide,
Know with a faith that is firm and true
That He is bringing you, dear, to my side.

So it sweeps on, this tide of life,
Must sweep on for ever and ever,
Yet it brings to each heart a message of hope
If that heart will but trust in Him, the
true giver.

The Great Physician

I saw an angel that came from THE GREAT
PHYSICIAN
Lean over a patient of this world of mine,
And his hands moved as those of the musician
Who giveth forth the strains divine.

All the skill, and all the technique
With which an artist's hands are blest,
Was shown in those of this angel
As to the mortal he brought rest.

GOD had sent this angel downward
With a potion from the skies,
And through a human instrument, gave it.
No—THE FATHER—never lies.

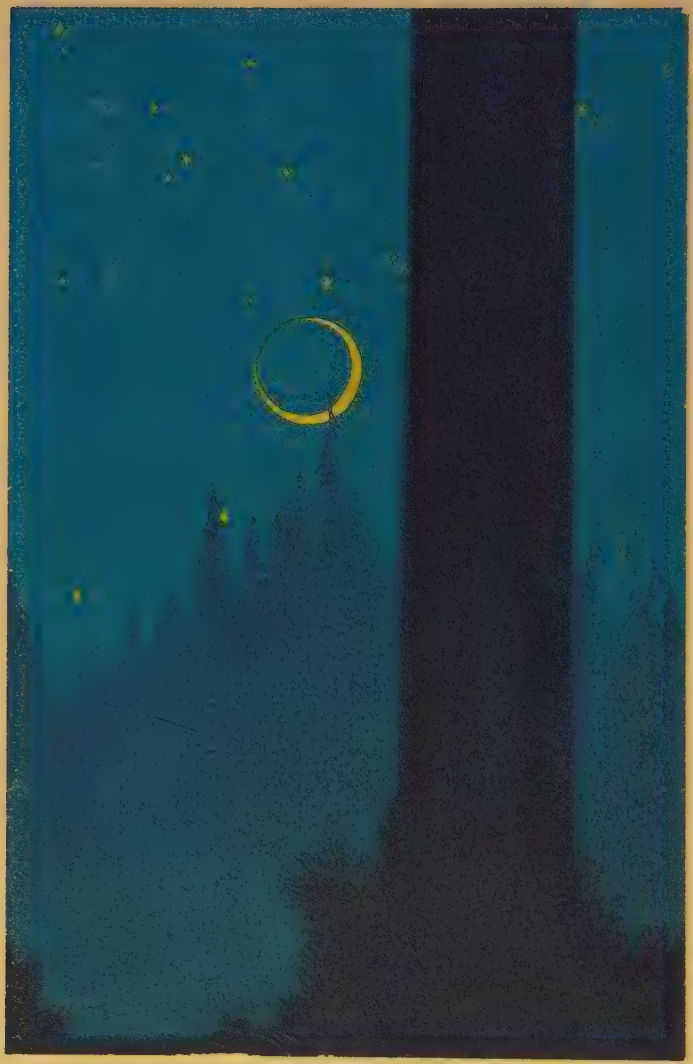
So I know that THE GREAT PHYSICIAN,
THE SUPREME ARCHITECT above,
CAN send His angels downward
To those who ask aid, in kindness, and in
love.

And I feel that HE will heal us
If we let our FAITH be known to Him,
For THE WAY lit by THE SAVIOUR'S lantern
Is a path where HEAVEN'S light will never-
more be dim.

Poems of the Great Out Doors

Out where the stars are lighted
As so many candles in the sky;
Out where the trees are my altar;
Out where we live—my soul and I—

The Wildwoods.



Heart of the Hills

Heart of the hills where the spirit winds sweep,
Let them blow from your heights and rock me to
sleep.
Let them blow gently, and in dreams I'll be where
All can be quiet and peaceful, as there.

There is where the Almighty the spirit lamp burns,
Where each heart in its sorrow longingly turns.
It longs to be there, oh, heart of the hills,
Where the whispering winds the memory fills

With the purest of thoughts,
And calmness comes like the Angel of Love,
To help conquer the heart ache,
The sorrow that kills.

O heart of the hills, where the wild flowers are
born!
They grow there in beauty your crests to adorn:
Let them send forth their perfume, so fragrant, so
deep;
Let it float o'er me as I drop now to sleep.

Yes, heart of the hills, where the spirit winds sweep,
Let them come to me now and soothe me to sleep.
Let them blow gently and my whole soul fill
With worship for Him who made every hill.

Let them blow gently, gently for me,
For, in the heart of the hills I long so, to be.
I long so to be there, my whole soul thrills
When I think of, and picture, the heart of the hills.

Just for Today

Take me away to the hills—away—
There let me linger, if just for today.
Let me enjoy the peace of that life
Where all is not hurry and worry and strife.
Lead me down by the stream, and there let
me dream
Of the beauties of nature, for they there
abound.
Let me have for my pillow, 'neath the shade
of the pine,
The needles, fallen there, to the ground.

I feel, as I'd rest there, I surely could see
The reason God made me and gave me to
thee.
So take me, leave me; Yes, there let me stay.
The beauties of nature so speak to my heart
That I am never free from the joys they
impart.
Yes—take me—please let me stay—
Let me be happy—if—just for today.

Sunset Time

I saw the sun set in the West,
Upon a bed of clouds of gold and gray,
And as it melted away and went to its rest,
I knew God meant it to be the end of another
day.
Across to the East, the heavens there
Were of a beautiful azure blue;
Look where I would, yes, everywhere,
Were colors of wondrous hue.
There were pinks and blues, grays and gold,
All, in splendor blent, to make one magnificent
whole.
And when the sun went to its rest in that
beautiful bed
Of coluds, of blues and pinks—gold and gray,
I knew it would come and shine for us
And be just as glorious on each and every
day.
I wondered, when all God's children would
look upon,
And such wonderful sunsets see,
If the visions for them would hold half
the beauties
That this evening's sunset held for me.

The Language of the Mountains

The language of the mountains
Is a language all their own,
For the ripple of the fountain
Or the mighty ocean's groan
Is as a lisping baby
To the voice of these great mountains;
To these mountains made of stone.

Mighty Monarchs stand they always
Guarding this great world of ours;
Bearing trees of greater fragrance
Than we find among the flowers.
Nestled in their arms at nightfall
We will find God's creatures wild,
Resting in as sweet a slumber
As in a mother's arms a child.

Yes, the mountains have a language
Even tho they are made of stone.
If one could hear their song at even
It would hold a mellow tone,
For they speak and tell their story
When the winds do whisper low,
For then God tells to them
What He meant we should never
know.

The Wildwoods

I long to be out in the wildwoods;
Out in the great out doors;
Out where flower and vine have known
no footstep;
None save God's and mine.

Out where the noonday sunshine
Is softened by trees along the stream;
Out where I love to slumber;
Where fairies build my dream.

Out where the stars are lighted
As so many candles in the sky;
Out where the trees are my altar;
Out where we live—my soul and I.

The Voice of the River

The river speaks as it flows along,
And tells what it feels in a wondrous song.
It sings and sparkles as it does so peacefully flow;
It sings of the course it has run, since years upon
years ago.
It narrows, then widens, then spreads into the
light;
Making shadows, it shades into pools as dark
as the night.
What wonderful visions in these pools we could
see
If we knew as the river, the life that is free.
When we stop to give heed to that wonderful
song
The world loses all of its misery and wrong.
The river is beautiful, and its song is so sweet
That it gives joy to the heart if we only will greet
With love, and with worship, the message it sends
In the song it sings as it turns and bends
Into the mountains, and so swiftly descends.
Downward it flows in the course that it knows,
And there mid the pathway of flowers and trees
It goes to its bed in the ocean, and sees
Itself drunk up in those waters so deep,
Which, for ever and ever its secrets must keep.
Secrets it has as it flows and sings;
Yes, it sings to the one who knows Nature's
voice,
For that is the one who will love and rejoice
In the beautiful river as it flows along
And sings, for ever and ever, its wondrous song.

Wake Robins

Come where the wake robins are blooming,
Come whenever you feel the call.
You know where the latch string is hanging
And that a welcome awaits you from all.

I know that the "Linnet" will miss you,
Miss the gleam of your eyes, and the smile.
Have a heart, be kind to poor "Linnet",
Come back and tarry awhile.

When the noise of the town life grows
tiresome,
And the bright lights shed nothing but gloom,
Just put on your hat and go into the country;
Why not come where the wake robins bloom.

Daybreak

When God pulls the curtains over the
night
And ushers in the dawn,
It is there in that bed so radiant
That another day is born.
As the silvery moon sinks
Slowly past the mountains
And clouds of gold and palest pink
appear,
We know that sunrise soon will come
And fill the world with beauty
And with cheer;
For as the moon is put to slumber
In the heavens far away
It is God who rocks the cradle
At the birth of each new day.

The Linnets

(Spring)

Spring is here, and the linnets again
Have come to build in the vine by my kitchen
door.
I have opened my windows to hear their song
Which seems just as sweet as when they
built before.
What a world of gladness they seem to bring
As they fill their throats and begin to sing.
They sing of clear skies, of the green of
the trees,
Of the nests they must build, and the hum of
the bees.
They sing of the beauty of heaven and earth,
And bring to each heart a message of mirth.
So I open my windows, they do not fear,
For they know that I love them,
And they bring me cheer.

The Linnets

(Fall)

Fall is here, the leaves are gone
And the nest is empty.
I have seen the linnets grow and fly away,
But I know they will come in the Spring
to greet me,
All through the long Summertime to stay.
How I miss their song of gladness
With the message it does bring,
But I know I must wait with patience
For the coming of the Spring.
Then early some bright morning
When all is fair and green
I'll see my friends, the linnets,
Building nests in the vine by my door
again.
I'll open my windows, they'll not fear,
For they know that I love them,
And they bring me cheer.

Falls of the Bridal Veil

Falls no poet heart could long resist!
Why come ye down in such a vapory trail
Leaving behind that wonderous mist?
Tell me, falls, speak, and tell me pray,
Why ye come in such clouds of spray?
Like unto the blushing bride
Ye are surely the valley's pride.
That trail ye leave behind
Must many a heart in rapture bind
As it looks, spellbound, upon
The leap ye make unto the ground.
Vapory, foaming, yet a thing like dew;
Living the life that is free and true.
No lovelier name could have been given
your misty trail
Than the beautiful one of Falls of the
Bridal Veil.

The Spring in the Orchard

From where does the spring in the orchard
Gather its treasures so cold;
Water as pure as a crystal,
Water more priceless than gold?

Yes, from where does it gather its treasure,
This water so pure and so deep;
Is it from the mysterious depths of the earth
That the spring in the orchard is given its birth?

Is it from there that the water comes so freely,
So freely to you and to me?
Then let us be thankful as we know the real
worth
Of the spring in the orchard where the apple
tree sprung to its birth.

Of this water so pure did the angels all sip
When they came forth in Eden to bathe and
to dip.
So that is the reason that for drink it is best;
Before God gave them to use of it, He the water
first blessed.

And it still comes in purity for you and for me
From that spring in the orchard, near the old
apple tree.
All sing to the spring in the mountain
With its water so clear and so cold.

It is a symbol of purity, and so freely given,
Given to you, yes to all, and to me,
As it comes forth in abundance
In the spring in the orchard, near the old
apple tree.

Other Poems

Giving

Give to the world your best
Yes, give to the world your best.
Let nothing but love fill your heart
And then pour it out to the rest.

Many a disheartened soul
May be cheered on life's highway
By just such a smile, or the word,
That you may stop to say.

So, be not too selfish with love
But pour it out to the world
And let all the blessings you have
To some other heart be unfurled.

You will find that the tide will return
And bring you, ten fold, the joy that
you gave.
So scatter the words of kindness
And try the down-hearted to save.

You will never be sorry you gave
All that God gave you to give,
For it will bring joy and gladness
And help you to prosper as long as you
live.

The world is too full of heartache and
sorrow
For one not to give all they can.
And we know that each kind word will
drive away fear
And help to uplift the most desolate man.

So give freely of love and kindness
And you will see it reflected in love.
Some day you will reap the reward
When you stand at the throne above.

When you give, give freely and lovingly,
Without a thought of the reward it may
bring,
And all through your life you will be
uplifted
And of nothing but joy will the days
ever sing.

Can you tell the reason why
We are so slow in our giving,
When the fact that we have made some
one else happy
Is all that makes life worth living?

Then give, give freely, give gladly,
And let no selfish motive be
The thought to prompt the giving
And God will give His blessings freely
unto thee.

The Little Brown Hat

That little brown hat,
As it rests on her head,
Seems to cover
The light of the skies,
For no evening sunset
Ever held beauties great
As the soul in this woman's eyes.

That little brown hat,
Like the brown of her eyes,
Has a mystical charm for me,
For day after day
I find myself dreaming
As this question I ask,
"What can it be?"

And the answer comes back,
"It is not only the hat
But the soul in those eyes you see,
For the brown of the hat
Lends to brown of the eyes
A 'something' not given
To you or to me."

Yet I dream of that hat;
Her little brown hat,
With its wonderful message
Of soul light to me;
And as I gaze upon that
God gives me sight
And into her heart I can see.

The Heart Aflame

It is the taste of those lips,
The touch of those breasts,
And the beauty that sleeps in those eyes
That kindles to flame the fire in my heart
And makes of "possession" a prize.
A prize to be won, and win it I must,
Yet not in my heart does enter today
One feeling that is mingled with lust,
For this feeling (maybe passion)
Is a thing holy, most holy to me.
And I will win it and guard it, and trust
The dear God from the throne above
Will sanction, will show me,
Will let me possess, and
Then name it—not passion—but love.

The Same Path

I tread the same path that THOU traveled,
And I bear the same burden THOU bore,
Yet I know that MY pack is FAR lighter
For THOU having traveled before.

The light of THY smile is as a lamp,
And even THY CROSS tells a story to me,
So I follow along in THY footsteps
In hopes that THINE FACE I may'st see.

Yes, I pick up my cross and I follow,
And How heavy MY cross seems to be,
But the thing that keeps me going Is
The PICTURE I have in my heart of THEE.

Great was the burden THOU bore,
Yet GREAT was the GLORY won,
For THOU having come before
Made EASIER the race MAN has since run.

So, I'll pick up my pack and follow,
Yes, follow along the same path;
And I ask that when THOU do'st see me
That THOU sustain me—along till the last.

Out From the Shadows

As a piece of Dresden china,
(That fragile, fragile thing)
Your face looms now before me
As I am seated here to sing.

And I seem to see it lighted
With a smile as wondrous fair
As the roses in the vase before me
Upon which I gaze as I sing my
evening prayer.

Yes, out from the shadows
Your face seems now calling to me,
So my fingers go listlessly over the
keyboard
And into this song is woven a prayer
for thee.

Tom Moore's Love Song

There is a spirit hovering about me
And he comes with a message to say
That it has been Tom Moore's love song
Haunting my heart today.

All the love he poured into that song
Sings through my heart today,
As the organ giving forth the anthem
Speaks to the souls who pray.

He sang of the love that is fondest,
Of how it lived on to the last;
And that is the way with this singing
For it takes me on, ever on, yet back
through the past.

He takes me and we live through great
gladness,
Then he leaves me to languish alone:
Coming back we live love seeming but
madness;
We love it, we linger, and then we atone.

We travel to heights that are highest,
And then we return to the plain:
We live in a world all Springtime;
Then we delve into Winter again.

He says such is the way with the heart and
its passions,
Sweeping us on through joy and through
woe
Till at last they are all placed on the altar;
Yet not one would he have us forego.

We must live through this tempest of
heartaches,
For therefrom is built the courage we wear
When Death knocks, and we enter the
Portals:
We seek, and seeking, we find Love e'en
there.

Dada

Since this book of yours I have read
I know you even better, tho you are dead.

It has taught me to see the "way"—to
understand.
It gave me "light" upon the path—"love"
at my command.

So to you, a loving thought I am sending
Upon the wings of prayer.

And down that same lane with "love"
attending,
May I come and greet you there.

Prayer to a Spirit Guide

Oh, Spirit Guide; Spirit of the Hindu man,
Come to me tonight; Take me by the hand
and lead me;
Give me a glimpse of the wondrous intellects
Of your brother clan.
Take me and lead me in dreamland; Show me
the wonders there;
Show me the only true shrine; Only true way
to prayer.
Open my heart to God's guidance
And give me a glimpse of that life divine.
Let its message ever flow from my pen,
And its light from my eyes ever shine.

Roses

The scent of the roses, these roses of red,
Bring back to my heart dreams put by as dead.

The perfume has waked them, those dreams of the
past,
And they come now to haunt me; Oh, why did they
not last.

These roses seem living and breathing with me
The past life I knew, all joyous and free.

For 'twas roses like these brought love to my heart
When they gave me the message they were sent to
impart.

And now in these roses ('twill ever be so)
The love of my May time I know.

'Tis the scent of the roses awakens love days long
dead,
But to me it must come—in roses of red.

My Little Mittens

(To a Nurse)

These little mittens I am leaving behind,
dear,
I leave them to your tender care
For perchance some other sufferer
May be glad to have my little mittens to wear.

But you must be the one to adjust them
After you have rubbed all the pain away,
And when that someone is leaving
Perhaps the same little mittens will stay.

These little mittens with their stitches of
red
Are the work of your dear little hands,
But your sweet face must be over the bed
For the healing that but God understands.

June Time

I sat beneath the cottonwoods
That warm, Spring-like day,
And as I was building castles
I could see my dear old Daddy mowing
hay.

The castles that were builded
Have all crumbled to decay;
Not one was half as true as Daddy's love
That day I watched him mowing hay.

The years have all been kind to me,
Yet I would I were today
The same small lad who in that June
time
Watched his dear old Daddy mowing
hay.

Daddy, blessed Daddy, I never knew
How dear you were until today,
When in memory I was again that little
boy
Who, in the June time, watched his
Daddy mowing hay.

A Christmas Wish

May your joys for Christmas be many,
Your woes for the New Year be few,
May you have play days at home with
your loved ones,
Yet may your hands find plenty to do.

May the turk be browned to a finish,
May there be dressing and gravy, too,
May the biscuits piled high n'er diminish:
Please let them be beaten ones, do.

May all these good things be yours this
Christmas,
And when you take your sock from the
tree
May it be overflowing with presents,
But in it you will find best wishes from
me.

Nana

I stretch out my hands to you, Nana,
Across the years that divide,
And when my heart calls for your loving
council
I know that you are still here by my side.

Oh, guide me and help me, dear loved one,
And if you can read the great pain in my
heart,
Please show me the way to the Father,
Where pain and sin enter not.

Seems that I want you tonight, dear,
So please come; Let the mists be unfurled,
And bring me the comfort of knowing that
my heartache
Is but a small part of the pain in this world.

My Baby

The feel of these tiny hands upon my
breast
Brings a calm to my soul tonight,
And that mouth o'er the nipple pressed
Is a sense of keen delight.

Before this tiny babe had come
To assuage that great desire,
My whole body was wild and restless
And my soul seemed seething fire.

It seemed that a demon possessed me,
A terribly restless thing
That nothing but passion could appease
With its cooling, yet colorful wing.

It seemed to be passion within me,
Yet I know it was love as well,
For I had longed so to become a mother
That of the joy of that thought I can't
tell.

It was that terribly stirring desire
Brought me close to the heart of my
mate,
And there in that nearer communion
I received what I know now was fate.

Surely my God had intended
This babe to be placed at my breast,
And that is the reason that longing
Was not only passion, but blest.

It has brought me much closer to heaven,
The feel of these dear, little lips and
these hands,
And I know I have now had a glimpse
Of that joy which our Father commands.

A babe is a treasure from heaven,
A treasure come down from above,
To dwell in the heart, and the household,
And bring with its life a great love.

So I treasure my dear little baby,
And I'm kind to those who have none.
I speak not too harshly of passion,
For its call may be the voice of one.

To a Sister of Charity

You came as the moonbeams so quietly in
That I thought an angel from God was with me
again.

Your presence, the smile on your face,
Has left a new glory about the whole place.

You came at the end of a lonely-like day,
But your smile has driven the heartache away.

I had been thinking of home with loved ones so
dear,
But now I am glad I chanced to be here.

For never again may fancy compile
The picture I found in that loving smile.

So, dear Sister, please let me say
That your smile brought me joy at the end of
this day.

Memories

This space on the wall
with pictures I have hung
Of those who over my life,
some influence have flung.
Mother, Father, Husband and Friend,
all here together, sweet memories
lend.
For visions come to me one by one
as upon each face I look
And, through the portals of the Past
I see in Time's enchanted book
Pictures of each loved one
and what they brought to me.
For each has come unto me here,
In Life's great troubled way,
To leave some message or some task for me
to try and fathom
Before I knew God's day.
Memories ever unto me come
When upon each face I look,
and then I know the reason why
I hung these pictures in my favorite nook.
I want them near me night and day;
I want them while sleeping
or when I pray.
I want them near me, my life to cheer
with their sweet personalities,
All, to me, so very, very dear.

All through my life there will be no other
Able to love me, as has my mother;
So her picture here on the wall I have hung
In mute acknowledgment of her love
which has thrown its protecting arms about me
Since I was young.
Then there is my father, and I thank him, too,
For my childhood days
as I played and grew.
Next, the picture of a child,
And one of him as my sweetheart,
The boy I knew
who promised to love me
And forever be true.
Then there are my friends,
None dearest, none best,
for I love them all, and want them
Here with the rest.
So that is the reason that here on the wall
These pictures I have hung;
For each, over my life,
Some influence has flung.

Communion of Spirit

I want communion of Spirit,
Not that of man unto man,
But the deeper, the truer communion,
Where God will be if He can.

Where He heareth the whisper I send—
Where His hand lifteth the load from
my heart—
Where His light will my mission attend—
And His love from my life never part.

Where His joy, be My joy as well,
And His compassion, mine on my way.
Where His Works a story do tell
And His glory forever will stay.

Yes, I want communion of Spirit—
Born of the sweet flower of Love.
I want the Feel of The Father near it
For I'll know That communion above.

I'll kneel by these seven gold candles
As I offer my prayer of love,
And I'll say it right here at the altar,
But It Goes to the Father Above.

The Traveler

A man dusty and weary, chanced to stop one day
And ask for a drink, at a cottage far away.

In the book of Fate the stop was meant,
For in that cottage he found content.

When from the top of the hill he looked down
He saw the cottage small and brown.

The sun was setting, and a golden glow
Bathed that cottage there below.

An air of joy and peace the scene unfurled,
As from the chimney the smoke did curl.

The cottage seemed on the side of the hill to
recline,
And to gain its poise from a sturdy pine.

He saw a man in rough attire
Stop to pet a horse, or some cows admire,

While upon the rounds of nightly chores
Before the lighting of the lamps and all in doors.

A woman who seemed small and frail,
Went toward the barn with a milking pail.

Close behind her, and wont to pass,
Came the pet of the household, a dainty lass.

Bare were her arms and bare her feet,
As she gave to this picture an air complete.

She clapped her hands in childish glee
As she called to the collie she chanced to see.

As for the stranger there on the hill,
This picture lives in his memory still.

The air of contentment he saw there below
Had never been his to share, or know.

A feeling of peace came to him there
And filled his heart with a sense of prayer.

When the chores were done and the lamps aglow,
He knocked at the door of the cottage there below.

How gladly they gave him welcome, and drink,
And naught of his appearance stopped to think.

How far unlike the ones he had left,
Where clothes and show leave the heart bereft.

For these simple folks was the table spread,
So they gave him to eat, and a cozy bed.

In the morn the chores were done
Long before the rising of the sun.

Then, when the cottage began its day,
The stranger thanked them and went his way.

In his heart he knew that stop was Heaven sent
To show him his first real joy, love and sweet
content.

When the sun of Life goes down, may it bring
to him the happiness
He found in that simple cottage, small and brown.

Life's Grey Day

As the clouds of the night have all gathered
And burst into storm today,
So has the ache in my heart bereaved me
For it has taken my joy away.

It has taken a friendship I cherished
For in my heart it was true as could be,
But now when your love says I must leave it
I must— yet I'm sorry, so sorry for thee.

Mine has been "friend" to the finish,
One who could ever be true,
So why do you say that you love me,
When you know mine is but friendship for
you?

Cannot the friendship of man and woman
Grow as fruit upon the same tree,
Without either one or the other
Growing fonder than friendship should be?

I had thought that I was as mother,
Where you could sob as a child at my knee,
But now I can see all is so different
And I'm sorry as sorry can be.

My love has been placed in the tomb, dear,
It was buried forever and aye,
For the one who first owned my heart, dear,
Still owns it I know today.

So you see how life's clouds do effect me
As they gather so close o'er me now,
For your love, as the clouds, dear,
Would mean that I keep not that vow.

I have said that mine is friendship forever,
So please let it rest there I plead.
Just let me be ever a mother,
And no other confessor you'll need.

You're young, and need a young woman,
Not one who has buried a past.
Yours must be one to bear babies,
And who will build up a home that will last.

So just keep me a friend—not a sweetheart,
Let me be even a friend unto her,
And I'll show you that I can be constant
From now till the end, and never defer.

So, love not this lady of sorrows
Just because she has learned how to smile;
Grieve not her heart with devotion
Other than friendship the while.

If you will but promise to love me
As a wonderful, wonderful friend,
I am sure, with my soul, I too
Can live true as your friend, to the end.

So away with dear Cupid, I beg you,
Let this dead heart worship its dead,
And build for yourself a new castle
With Youth as a crown o'er your head.

Let the love of your heart be so given
That nothing but joy will attend,
And then you will see mine was but friendship,
And you'll love me as "friend" to the end.

Patriotism

(1918)

What gives this patriotism to the heart,
This pride of which each poet sings;
Is it not love, which God has sent
When forth each child he brings?

Then do all you can to give the boys
a chance,
For they are your boys, my boys, our boys,
These boys who are fighting in France.
They have all gone forth to fight

But many will never come back;
Just how many who will say,
Yet all who have gone went for
The love of our dear U. S. A.

But the battle—the greatest battle of all—
Can never be won until we realize
That we are all God's children,
You—and I—and the Hun.

Truth must dawn for each and all some day
And then we'll know the reason
Our boys went forth to fight
For the love of our dear old U. S. A.

If God gave this patriotism to each human
heart,
Think you not, as well as ours,
He gave it to the Huns?
Then try to trust in Higher Powers.

Yes, lay aside the guns:
Just trust; know the truth—pray—
Let each heart trust, for the love it bears
For our dear old U. S. A.

Through the Park

As I walked through the park today
I went with lingering pace,
And tried to read the story told
By the expression of each face.

Seated upon the benches there
Or stretched upon the grass
Were men, old and young; women fair,
Youth, and sweetest lass.

They all had come on this warm day
The cooling green to seek;
Some, with hearts too full for words to say,
And others, with some dear friend to
speak.

Yes, many a story could be read
By the expression of each face,
And I thought I'd try to fathom them
As I walked so slowly through the place.

It made me ponder deeply, that which
upon some I did see,
But I tried to guess the story, deep as deep
could be;
But why should I trouble from them
borrow
When many a wonderful character is
wrought
Upon the white-hot forge of sorrow?

To Mrs. B--

An angel stood beside me; Bid me say,
"That he is with you always."
Last night I led him from the grove beyond the gate
And down the pathway to the cottage
Where you and your dear friend lay fast asleep.
He said, "By his devotion you would know it was
none other
Than your own, your soldier brother."
We two knelt, said a prayer,
And felt you saw us bless you, there.
You moved upon your bed, and lay with both hands
Pillowed 'neath your head.
You love this place with all its forest,
And the flowers sweet and wild, such as you two
together,
Used to gather when he was a child.
He oft comes with me at twilight, as we know
we have found
A place in which "expression" issues, even from
the ground.
He bids me tell you, that it was I, who oft times
Soothed the troubled feeling in his breast
When he and his soldier comrades joked upon his
"Coming West."
'Twas I, who brought him to your loved ones here:
'Twas I, closed his eyes and bathed his face
When he was no longer given to dwell within that
place:
I to him was guide and teacher:
Thus 'tis I he bids you thank: I, who when upon
the earth plane
Signed myself, Cecile Le Blanc.

Drifting

Seems I have been drifting for years;
Yes, all the days of my life.
First, just an every day sort of a child,
Then, just an every day sort of a wife.

But now I know I must make an effort
And try my very best to start
By opening the flood gates, and giving
The world, the depth of my heart.

Some can pour it forth in song,
Others, in music or art; I by the pen:
Then may the world understand me;
Yes, may it know me then.

This silent communion has made me
Feel deeper the joys and sorrows of life;
Made me know the heights of its
gladness
And to feel the depths of its strife.

When I hear the song of the birds at
dawn's first light,
Or when I hear their song at the end of
the day,
It is the One Unseen seems to tell me
The message they have to say.

And so it is when I stroll neath the trees
And the cooling winds are whispering
there,
For the One Unseen seems to tell me
The depth of this unheard prayer.

It is the One Unseen tells me the real
meaning
Of everything in my life, so I have not
been
An every day sort of a child;
No, not even an every day sort of a wife.

Women and War

(1918)

The time for women has come!
Yes, how their blood stirs
When they hear the airs
Played on bugle and drum.
They wish to do all they can
For they know we must conquer
the Hun,
So they do things great as the men
When they give up willingly,
husband and son.
As they must do what is right
They say, "Go and fight,"
And when the boys return
The love light will burn
Deeper than ever for them,
For 'tis the woman who knows
The depth of the blood that flows
In the veins of the man
As he does all he can,
For when fighting for you and
for me
He is also fighting
To make things safe for democracy.

To Sport

"Just an old dog," is often said of your kind;
They are often neglected, oft left behind.
How well it might pay one to give a kind word
And try to understand some of your herd.

For human, you Sport, do seem
As I watch the wag of your tail,
And see your eyes gleam, as your master
In kindness, puts his hand on your head.

Seems you know all he thinks, all that he says.
How well you will repay him, you are unable
to tell,
But by your devotion he surely can see
That you love him dearly, yes well.

* * * * * *

So be kind to the dog, be he tied, be he free;
Just stop to give him a word
And then you may suddenly see,
That as well as the dog, a soul, there will be.

To My Little Friend

There is a little cross in the graveyard
Moss covered, dusty and gray.
'Tis there to that cross I am going
On the wings of memory today.

As I stand by that little cross in the
graveyard
And gaze upon it, so moss covered and
gray,
It seems as tho you never had left me;
That you are living and being today.

I am so glad that memory can bring you
Just as when you went away,
For it proves that 'tis only the flesh
Neath that little cross, moss covered,
dusty, and gray.

My Thanksgiving

I am thankful Father,
For all the blessings given me;
I am thankful for this cross,
For it came to make me free.

I have had my lesson;
The cross seeming too great to bear:
It proved to be my Gethsemane,
So I offer up this fervent prayer.

Yes, I offer my thanksgiving
With heartfelt joy and love,
And hope to follow truly
The lesson from above.

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